

The Daughter of David Kerr

By HARRY KING TOOTLE

Illustrations by Ray Walters

Copyright by A. C. McClurg & Co., Inc.

SYNOPSIS.

Gloria Kerr, a motherless girl, who has spent most of her life in Belmont, is the daughter of David Kerr, the political boss of the town, and is anxious to prevent his daughter from learning of his real character. Kendall, representing the Chicago packers, is negotiating with Judge Gilbert, Kerr's chief adviser, for a valuable franchise. They fear the opposition of Joe Wright, editor of the reform paper, Belmont News, the assistance of Judge Gilbert in introducing Gloria to Belmont society, and promises to help him put through the packers' franchise and let him have all the graft. Gloria meets Joe Wright at the Gilberts. It appears they are on intimate terms, having met previously in a touring party in Europe. The Gilberts invite Gloria to stay with them pending the reforming of the Kerr home. Wright begins his fight against the proposed franchise in the columns of his paper, the Belmont News. Kerr, through his henchmen, exerts every influence to hamper Wright in the publication of his paper. Gloria realizes she is not being received by the best society and is unhappy. She takes up settlement work. Kerr and his lieutenants decide to buy Kerr's paper and ask the editor to meet them at Gilbert's office. Calling at Gilbert's office to solicit a donation Gloria meets Wright. He proposes and is accepted while waiting to be called into the conference. Wright refuses to sell his paper and declares he will fight to a finish.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

"You are just a little hasty in your judgment, Mr. Wright," Judge Gilbert said, when he saw that the publisher seemed to regard his answer as final. "If you'll consider the matter carefully I think it'll appear to you in this light: Here's a paper that isn't making expenses. A good offer is made you which if you are wise enough to accept will permit you to leave Belmont far richer than when you came. There are other lances to be broken elsewhere. Why tilt here against a stone wall?"

"If it were a stone wall there'd have been no offer," Wright was shrewd enough to know that they must be in desperate straits.

"See here, young man," Kerr blazed. "You won't be able to make a go of it. If you don't sell now I'll see to it that some day the sheriff will."

This direct threat was more than he could bear. Rising from his chair and leaning across the table the publisher shook his fist in Kerr's face and told him just what he thought of the situation. Remembering who was on the other side of the door he was facing, he did not raise his voice, but into his low tones he put all the fire of his honest indignation.

"You may put me down and out, as you boast you can, but you can't buy me out. You've scared advertisers so they're afraid to use my paper, you've had me sued for libel, you've raised my taxes, you've made the railroads hold up my white paper, you've annoyed me in a thousand petty ways, but I'm getting out a paper every day, and I'm telling the truth. That's what hurts," he hurled across the table. "I'm telling the truth. You can't stand it."

"God knows Belmont needs some body to tell the truth! If you took my paper today, who'd stand between the people of Belmont and the wolves? The town's being robbed blind. I'm telling about it, and I believe there are enough honest people to see me through and set the town right. But they need a leader—a newspaper—and I won't sell 'em out."

"For what's coming," he announced sternly, "hold yourself responsible, not me. You forced me to come out with the bald truth of the matter. Maybe you know and maybe you don't know that you of all men are the one I would least care to hold up for the public to see. Today—for the first time—I printed my name at the head of my editorial page. I want people to know that back of the paper's a man—a man that won't sell out, and back of the man I'm going to have the people. Do you hear? Belmont's going to be a clean city."

He leaned across the table and looked the boss straight in the eye, emphasizing his last words by bring-

ing his fist down on the table with each telling point he drove home.

"You'd better go slow, young man," cautioned Kerr. "I ain't played my hand, you know. You've put up a good fight; that's why I'm giving you a good chance to get out without admitting you've been licked."

"Licked! Licked!" echoed Wright with fine disdain. "I've just begun to fight."

ing his fist down on the table with each telling point he drove home.

"You'd better go slow, young man," cautioned Kerr. "I ain't played my hand, you know. You've put up a good fight; that's why I'm giving you a good chance to get out without admitting you've been licked."

"Licked! Licked!" echoed Wright with fine disdain. "I've just begun to fight."

ing his fist down on the table with each telling point he drove home.

"You'd better go slow, young man," cautioned Kerr. "I ain't played my hand, you know. You've put up a good fight; that's why I'm giving you a good chance to get out without admitting you've been licked."

"Licked! Licked!" echoed Wright with fine disdain. "I've just begun to fight."

ing his fist down on the table with each telling point he drove home.

"You'd better go slow, young man," cautioned Kerr. "I ain't played my hand, you know. You've put up a good fight; that's why I'm giving you a good chance to get out without admitting you've been licked."

"Licked! Licked!" echoed Wright with fine disdain. "I've just begun to fight."

ing his fist down on the table with each telling point he drove home.

"You'd better go slow, young man," cautioned Kerr. "I ain't played my hand, you know. You've put up a good fight; that's why I'm giving you a good chance to get out without admitting you've been licked."

"Licked! Licked!" echoed Wright with fine disdain. "I've just begun to fight."

ing his fist down on the table with each telling point he drove home.

"No," shouted Wright, beside himself with indignation at the offer; "I'll see you in hell first!"

What further might have been said there is no telling. The words were scarcely out of Wright's mouth when he saw the door opposite him open and Gloria appear. Instantly he relaxed from his tense, strained manner, and, noting his change, the other men turned to find that David Kerr's daughter was the cause. She stood in the doorway hesitatingly, recognizing that she was interrupting a business meeting.

"I beg your pardon," she said, "but from the window I saw Mrs. Hayes on the street, and I thought I'd go to her."

"I'll join you," Wright announced. He left his place at the table and walked over to where Gloria was standing.

"I suppose the meeting is over," ventured Gilbert.

"It is, as far as I'm concerned," said the newspaper man. Then, looking at Kerr, he added, "I think I've made my position perfectly clear."

CHAPTER XV.

Gloria's announced intention of rejoining Mrs. Hayes was not the only motive that had brought her into the library. The angry hum of voices had been borne to her even through the closed door, and with a woman's impatience and curiosity she was anxious to know what was going on. Greater than all else, however, was her desire to be with Wright. She thought that by appearing she could bring matters to a conclusion and carry off with her the man she loved. Now that she was in the library and Wright had said that he was ready to go whenever she was, David Kerr's daughter forgot about her desire to go to Mrs. Hayes.

Dr. Hayes and his wife were returning to Judge Gilbert's office when Gloria had seen them, and soon Williams ushered them into the library. The presence of the two women prevented all open discussion of political matters. Even had it not been for Miss Kerr and Mrs. Hayes there could have been no controversy, because after Wright had made his position clear he would not talk further about it. Now he was merely waiting for Gloria.

"I thought you said you wouldn't be long," was the way, in a playful attempt at seriousness, Gloria upbraided her sovereign lord when they found themselves a little apart from the others.

"It wasn't my fault," was all he could say.

"You haven't told father, have you?"

"No. He wasn't in the mood for such a pleasing revelation. I hope you've thought about leaving for St. Louis tonight. It's now imperative that you go."

"I thought about it, dear, but I can't go. What would I say to father?"

Wright was on the point of again urging her to leave Belmont when he heard the faint cries of newsboys far down the street. Nearer and nearer came the boys. Louder and louder were their cries. Street sales in Belmont were so small that the little urchins who sold papers to chance customers were never very noisy. An unusual clamor on their part betokened some extraordinary piece of news. Their shouts at last began to attract the attention of others in the room. Kerr, Kendall and Hayes looked at Wright questioning. Then, as they began to distinguish the cries of one boy in advance of the others, the three men walked hastily to the window and looked out on the street. Everyone was rushing for a paper, or else standing with the sheet in his hand staring at the first page with its big black type.

Recovering himself suddenly, Wright tried to talk to Gloria to drown the noise, but it was too late.

"What is that noise? What are they shouting for?" she asked. "Listen."

She put her hand on his arm as a signal to say nothing while she tried to hear what the boys were saying.

"Extry! Extry! Get a News! All about the graft! Extry! Read the big steal! Full account of the railroad grab! Big men and hoodlums in combine! Extry! Extry!"

It was now a flood of sound as the boys came under the window.

"What's it all about?" the girl asked.

"That's nothing, only a crowd of newsboys raising a racket. Gloria, listen to me. We must get away from here. Even if you're happy in Belmont, I'm not. Won't you do this for me? Let's get away from this office and talk it over."

She shook her head, and refused to move.

"Gloria, you must do as I say without question. Just this once, please."

Both turned at this instant, as did the others, startled by a hubbub in the outer office. Suddenly the door was burst open violently by young Jim Winthrop, the Banner's political reporter. He rushed breathlessly into the room, flourishing a copy of the Belmont News. Following him came Williams with a look of amazement on his face as he read the headlines of the copy of the paper he had.

"Judge Gilbert! Judge Gilbert!"

seized the reporter, with eyes for no one else. "Have you seen the News?"

Big story 'bout the belt line railway and the llection! Glimme the facts so I can show the News up."

"Let me see your paper."

"Here it is—with big headlines."

Wright knew better than anyone else in the room what was in the paper. What was written there was not for Gloria's eyes to see, nor for her ears to hear.

"You must go, Gloria. Don't stay for this! I'll drive you to Locust Lawn."

He was almost out of the room with her when something the reporter said caused her to stop.

"The News says David Kerr is back of it," exclaimed Winthrop, holding up the paper for Judge Gilbert to see, "and that it's the biggest steal in the history of Belmont."

"What's that?" Kerr demanded, coming forward.

"I didn't see you, Mr. Kerr," the reporter apologized, "but here it is on the front page."

"Come, Gloria," Wright pleaded with her.

"I can't go yet."

Beside her stood Williams, still engaged in reading the faring headlines of the paper he had brought into the room with him. She seized his paper from him and began to read the startling words.

"It's an infamous lie!" shouted Gilbert, crushing in his hands the paper he had been scanning. "Dr. Hayes, will you please escort Miss Gloria and Mrs. Hayes to their carriage?"

"Stop!" commanded Gloria. The hum of indignation sweeping over the room was stilled. All turned to the daughter of David Kerr. "Is this true?"

"What?" asked Gilbert.

"What the paper says?" She held up the paper, her hands trembling. Then she began to read: "If the party now in power wins, Belmont will surely be sold to the merciless stock-yards terminal trust. The deal, which means millions for the unscrupulous promoters and nothing for Belmont, has been engineered by that king of underhand manipulators, one no less unscrupulous than the very men to whom he would sell his town, David Kerr!"

There was horror in her tones and she held the paper from her as a thing unclean.

"Is this true?" she demanded imperiously.

"Not a word of it," Judge Gilbert was quick to answer.

"Not you?" She turned to David Kerr. "Father, is it true?"

The boss of Belmont looked like some wounded wild animal brought to bay. He gazed with speechless rage at Joe Wright, and then looked at his daughter. She stood with arm outstretched to him, a mute but eloquent appeal for a denial. The big man shook himself, as if calling forth all his strength for a final effort, and straightened himself to his full height. Looking her squarely in the eye he replied firmly:

"No, Gloria, it ain't true."

The sigh she gave as her arm dropped to her side seemed to be a prayer of thanksgiving that he had come through the ordeal unscathed. She knew he would, but she wanted the words of denial from his own lips. Her next order showed every one that she was the daughter of David Kerr.

"Then punish the man who published the lie."

Wright's heart seemed to stop beating as he heard the words that had in them all the finality of a funeral bell. Kerr had his own reasons for wishing to minimize the matter. Joe Wright he would willingly, gladly have sacrificed, but he did not know how it would react on Gloria. He could find means to make the newspaper man suffer without Gloria being cognizant of the fact.

"That's just Western politics," the boss tried to pass it off lightly. "Don't let that bother you."

"He must be punished, I say," Her indignation knew no bounds. "Would you let it go unchallenged that I am the daughter of such a man?"

Kerr was aroused by her spirited manner. It would be necessary, he saw, for him to carry it through to the end.

"Suppose it was Joe Wright?" he asked.

The occasion was too serious for a smile, but in her heart she laughed away the suggestion. She wanted to show her contempt for a man who through a newspaper would utter such lies, and she therefore replied:

"That can't be. He isn't that kind of a man. But if he did, I would still say—"

"It is Joe Wright," Kerr roared.

All leaned forward to hear what the girl would say.

"Then I would still say, 'Punish Joe Wright!'"

From Wright's lips there burst forth one word:

"Gloria!"

He came a step toward her, and she turned to him with an assuring smile.

"I don't believe it, Joe." Again she addressed her father and with fine scorn declared, "It's a lie. He couldn't do it. You don't know him as I do."

Turning once more to the man she loved, she said proudly, "Say it's a lie, Joe."

The two stood gazing at each other, utterly oblivious of everything else in the world. In her eyes there was nothing of doubt. She put into her look all the love and confidence she had promised would always be his. With Wright it was far otherwise. No matter what he said, the fact could not be kept from her. She would investigate. At the top of his editorial page that day were the words, "Owned

and edited by Joseph Wright." He had just sworn that he would be the champion of the people of Belmont and here at his first trial he was quailing under the eyes of the woman he loved. With a wrench he tore himself away from his dear desire to save her from pain and answered huskily:

"You don't understand."

"You!" she cried in an agony of despair as she realized he was confessing.

A single movement of his head showed his assent.

"Oh, you coward!" Her disgust was overpowering. The withering contempt she put into her words was equalled by her look of scorn. He started to speak, but with a gesture of impatience she stopped him.

"All your words are lies, lies, lies! And to think that I promised within this hour to be your wife! You make me hate myself for ever having looked at you. Now I understand why you urged me to leave Belmont." Again he tried to speak. "Not a word. I'll not listen to you. Father, take me home."

She shrank from Wright as if to look at him were dishonor.

All the great love he had for her welled forth in one cry:

"Gloria!"

The girl could not, would not hear. She had but one refuge for her breaking heart. Turning to her father she flung herself into his arms with only a single word: "Father!"

With never a word, with never a look to right or left, the man she had promised to love and who had promised to love her, walked out of the room.

Sobbing as if her heart would break Gloria rested in her father's arms.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Good Day.

We settle disputes for office in Plunkville without no trouble."

"As to how?"

"Enter all the candidates in a checker tournament."

Wit and Tears.

A witty old judge had before the bar of justice a woman who wept most bitterly over her misfortune. Her sobbing shook the courtroom, and her tears of no mean size coursed in a great stream down her cheeks to the floor.

While she wept thus profusely, Lawyer Finnigan chanced to come in, who, seeing the prisoner and hearing her cries, anxiously asked of the prisoner and hearing her cries, anxiously asked of the bench:

"What in the name of all the saints of Heaven is the matter with the poor gurgling before the bar of justice?"

"I'm sure I don't know," was the judge's reply. "Apparently she's waiting to be bailed out."

Origin of Present-Day Games.

Though we get our games of tennis from the eastern countries, most of our games of bat and ball come down to us from the ancient north. Ring games and games in which light objects are thrown come also from foreign countries, where the spear was a familiar weapon. But all of them alike appear to revert in origin to early experiences of the race by which they worked out their salvation.

Dinner Gown in Brocade and Chiffon.



THREE views of a handsome dinner

or reception gown are made possible by the clever triple-triplicate arrangement, in front of which it was posed. The straight skirt, with a demi-train, is made of crepe having raised velvet roses and foliage scattered over the surface. The roses are very large and in a slightly darker shade than the crepe.

The chiffon overdress and bodice repeat the color in the crepe. The overdress is of thin silk in a light color. There is a beaded girdle, narrow, and edged with the narrowest border of fur. This tiny edge of dark fur appears again on a small piece of drapery made of the brocade, which is posed on the bodice, extending from under the arms at the belt to the beginning of the bust.

The neck of the bodice is slightly pointed at the back, but is cut square in front. It is shirred over the foundation and is very simple. The short, full sleeves are set in and edged with a narrow band of the brocade. A butterfly bow of ribbon is posed at the front finished with silk pendants.

There is a frill of boxplaited maline about the neck of the bodice which does not extend across the front. Under this is a lace edging which lies flat to the neck all round and is very attractive and becoming.

Unlike many overdresses, which are wired into the lampshade effect, this overdress is drawn in at the bottom with shirring thread. It slopes down to a point at the middle of the back and is finished with a narrow band of satin ribbon tied in a simple bow at the front with ends finished with pendants like those on the bodice.

The undersleeve of the bodice is finished with a band of lace like that in the neck, and it is put on without fullness. There is a crushed turn-back cuff above the band of lace, made of the chiffon.

A novel feature in the bodice is the introduction of a narrow casing in the maline ruff which holds a tiny supporting wire. This is for the purpose of holding the ruff in an upstanding position away from the neck.

There is nothing intricate or difficult in the shaping of this dinner gown. The materials are not unusual, and altogether it is one of the most practical and graceful models which Paris has furnished for the present season. In spite of the curious and sometimes freakish departures from the conventional which one sees so often pictured, it is the practical gowns of this character which have pleased discriminating women of fashion. There is plenty of distinction in the wonderful materials and in the use of color, not to mention tassels and bead work, without resorting to bizarre designs to get chic effects.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

NEAT AND DURABLE SERVING APRON IS NOT HARD TO MAKE

A SERVING apron must be made to stand weekly tubbing at least, and substantial materials are the only kind worth making up. A good and not very sheer India linen is used in the apron which appears in the illustration, and the lace is a strong cotton weave with square mesh and figure.

The bib and apron are cut in one piece, with the shoulder pieces cut long enough to reach to the belt in the back. The ties are long enough to make a bow with short ends.

After the apron has been cut out the insertion is basted to the right side. Then the fabric underneath it is split and turned back. Over the raw edges bias tape is basted and then machine stitched down. This covers the raw

edges and strengthens the apron. The tape, showing through the material, and the even rows of machine stitching which fasten it to place make an additional ornamentation to the apron.

Hems at the bottom and at the end of the ties look best when sewed by hand, but few people feel like giving so much time to a detail that is not important. Careful, even machine stitching is decorative and quite good enough.

A wide binding of the fabric is placed on the apron at each side and starts at the rows of insertion. The ties, which are made separately, are sewed to this binding. All these details of construction are planned to add strength to the apron, because its

freshness is its best feature and that means soap and water and rubbing and ironing many a time before the apron begins to go to pieces.

There are quite a number of designs for serving aprons. It is best to select one and stick to it. The example here is large enough for any maid, and is as easy to launder as a handkerchief. Four such aprons ought to insure freshness in the maid's appearance at all times.

For ladies who serve their guests, smaller, more lacy and much more elaborate aprons, ribbon-trimmed, in fact much fussed up with bows and flourishes, are made. Friends make them for one another, and they are dainty bits of finery. Such aprons are usually made by hand. Cross-hatched muslins and other sheer materials are used for them, with val or cluny laces in trimming. Little pockets are introduced and many sprightly bows and rosettes of gay ribbon. Pretty figured voiles, white ground, covered with scattered flowers, and figured lawns, are fine for such aprons.

Fashion's Fickleness.

In the present day there are many things needed to make the wardrobe complete, and as fashions in these items change with such rapidity it means there must be a constant renewal of veils, collars and such like if the appearance is to be kept entirely up to date.

There have been many novelties introduced this season, some of which are both practical and pretty, others again merely eccentric.

Floral Garmentures.

Flowers continue to play a most conspicuous part both in day and evening dress. There is scarcely a coat and skirt to be seen lacking its imitation buttonhole. The small, tight Victorian poses are no more, having given place to a single bloom, such as a gardenia, carnation, a cluster of ash berries, together with the waxlike camellia.

For the Busy Mother.

When making pants for little boys, instead of making holes in the waistbands sew on loops of narrow hat elastic large enough to slip over the waist button and you will find it a labor saver.

New Hanky.

For the shiny nose or the powdered one there is a brand new hanky come to hand. It has a wide hem either an inch or an inch and a half and a touch of delicate color. Either the hem is a dainty tone of pink, lavender or blue, or the center is tinted and the hem is white.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. BELLERS, Director of Evening Department, the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

LESSON FOR JANUARY 11.

THE MISSION OF THE SEVENTY.

LESSON TEXT.—Luke 10:1-24. GOLDEN TEXT.—"It is not ye that speak, but the spirit of your Father that speaketh in you."—Matt. 22:29.

Jesus "came unto his own and his own received him not." Rejected in Judea, he turned to Galilee, making his headquarters at Capernaum only to be rejected there also. "After these things" (v. 1) e. g., after his final departure from Galilee, and as he was about to perform his Perean ministry. The ministry of Jesus is rapidly hastening to a close, still there is much work to do, hence the selection of those who shall go before him to prepare for what proved to be in each city and town his last visit.

1. The Seventy Sent (vv. 1-9). Verse one tells us of the character of the work they were to undertake, viz., to be heralds; to prepare the people against his coming, 2 Cor. 5:20. There is a plentitude of work, but, "the laborers are few." They were sent to a particular people, "whither he himself would come." 2 Tim. 4:8; Titus 2:13. No matter what may have been their limitations, the "coming one" would supply all deficiencies. Jesus commanded prayer, but also sent forth those same praying ones (vv. 2, 4).

Prayer and work go hand in hand in a sane Christian experience. Every impression demands sufficient expression, if it is to make any lasting contribution to our characters. The large harvest demands attention. We are sent into that harvest by the King and himself, "Behold I send you," and those whom he sends are not compelled to labor alone. Matt. 28:20; John 14:16. Jesus mentions four things about those whom he sends:

Like Lambs.

(1) Their character. They are to be like "lambs." We have just had the figure of "laborers" presented, laborers who were sent. Is this then a mixed simile? We think not. We are to go forth to the harvesting work as laborers, that is our work, but, in our characters, we are to be lamb-like.

(2) Their environment, "among wolves." That is to say, surrounding each harvest field, and frequently encroaching as far as they dare, are the wolves, a type of the evil one and of his agents. Those who go thus into, or by the way of, danger will not carry any excess of baggage, 2 Tim. 2:4.

(3) In the third place, they are to go forth with complete dependence upon God's providing care (v. 4). The exact letter of these instructions is not always incumbent upon his ambassadors, chapter 22:35, 36, but the spirit of absolute faith in a Father who will provide, must always possess his representatives.

4. As to their bearing, it must be that of dignity and self-respect (v. 5). Social demands consume a great deal of energy in diplomatic circles, and it is here that many Christians waste precious energy, as well as becoming involved in worldly practices. Their first thought upon entering a house must be for the good of the home (v. 5), not for their personal comfort. If a "son of peace," (v. 6), dwell there, one to whom peace rightfully belonged, their benediction would bring to that home a blessing. But if he be not there their peace was not to be lost, for it would return to the giver.